

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for my soule, what can it doe to that  
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;  
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

*Hora.* What if it tempt you towards the froud my Lord,  
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe.  
That bettels ore his base into the Sea,  
And there assume some other horrible forme  
Which might deprive your Soueraigntie of reason,  
And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,  
The verie place puts toyces of desperation  
Without more motiue, into euery braine  
That looks so many fadomes to the Sea  
And heares it rore beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me still,  
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hora.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate tries our  
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie  
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions ierue;  
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen  
By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,  
I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hora.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hora.* Haue after, to what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

*Hora.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile go no further.

*Ghost.* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My houre is almost come  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render vp my selfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

*Ghost.*

## Prince of Denmarke

*Ghost.* Pittie mee not but leade me  
what I shall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake I am bound to heare thee.

*Ghost.* So art thou to reuenge,

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy fathers spirit,  
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to  
And for the day confin'd to fast in  
Till the foule crimes done in my d  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but  
To tell the secrets of my prison-h  
I could a tale vnfold whose lighte  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze  
Make thy two eies like starres star  
Thy knotted and combined locke  
And each particular haire to stan  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porp  
But this eternall blazon must not  
To cares of flesh and bloud, list, I  
If thou did'st euer thy deare father

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghost.* Reuenge his soule, and m

*Ham.* Murther.

*Ghost.* Murther most foule, as  
But this most foule, strange and v

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, tha  
As meditation, or the thoughts o  
May sweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt,  
And duller shouldst thou be then  
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe*  
Would'st thou not stirre in this; n  
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my  
A Serpent stung me, so the whole  
Is by a forged proceffe of my dea  
Rankely abused: but know thou  
The Serpent that did sting thy fat  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my Prophetike soule